A Ballad against slander and detraction.

Gar call him downe gar call him downe gar call him downe downe a:
God send the faction of all detraction cald downe and cast away.

ALl myghty God
Dooth shake his Rod
Of iustise, and all those:
That vnlustly
Detractyly
Detract their freends or foes.

He telthe eche one
Thou shalt iudge none
And if thou iudge vnbiden:
Thy self saith he
Shall iudged be
This lesson is not hidden:

To this now sturd
This is concord
Whiche wil the vs in eche dout:
To deem the best
That may be gest
Till time the trueth try out.

Knowing by this
That think amisse
Against no man we may:
Muche more must we
Ill langage flee
And call it Downe downe a.
Gar call him downe &c.

With swoord or staine
To see Babes slaine
abhorth to look vpon:
Attend to me
and ye shall see
Murder and slaunder one.

Like as a knife
By reuing life
so slaunder fame hath slain:
And bothe ones doone
bothe a like soone
May be vndoon again:

Then what more ill
with knife to kill
Or with the tung to sting:
with knife or tung
Strike olde or yung
bothe in effect one thing.

These woords are short
But they import
Sentence at length to way:
of all whiche sence
To flee offence
call slaunder downe I say:
Gar call him downe &c.

When vice is sought
al vice is nought
But some vice worse then some:
And eche man sees
sundry degrees
In eche vice self dooth come.

Now sins the least
We should detest
vice or degree in vice:
If in the moste
we showe our boste
That showeth vs moste vnwise.

If I in thee
suche faults ones see
As no man ells doth knowe:
to thee a lone
And other none
these faults I ought to showe.

Then of intent
if I inuent
Fauls tales and them display:
that is moste vile
Whiche to exile
god calleth this down downe a.
Gar call him downe &c.

Some count no charge
to talke at large
Suche il as they doo heare:
but Gods account
Dooth not a mount
to take suche talkers heere.

Of woork il wrought
when it is sought
In telling foorth the same:
though it be true
the talke may brew
Drink of damnable blame.

To frame excuse
of tungs misuse
we haue no maner mene:
So that by this
no way ther is
Il talles to cary clene.

Whiche makes me call
Upon you all
as calling cal you may:
Tales false or true
me to ensue
To call them downe down a.
Gar call him downe &c.

Christe crieth out stil
say good for il
But we say harme for harme:
yea il for good
Il tungs doo brood
Wrath is in them so warme.

Slander to fere
And to forbere
this text stands well in place:
Woe by the tung
wherby is sprung
Slander in any cace.

To slake this fier
of slanders yre
Repentance must deuise:
to set all hands
To quenche the brands
with water of our eies.

Whiche brand then blowe
to make loue glowe
That loue by grace may stay
and by resort
Of good report
call slander downe I say.
Gar call him down &c.

FINIS. R Haywood

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